THERE IS NO AHISTORICAL ANGUISH
TO LIVE HERE IS TO HOLD YOUR BREATH
& UNDRESS

—Advice from 1 disciple of Marx to 1 Heidegger fanatic—

Poetry: were still alive
& you light my cheap cigar with your matches
& you look at me like 1 insignificant mop-top
shivering with cold in the comb of the night

We're still alive

1 green-eyed & yellow-winged butterfly
has pinned itself to my jacket's blue lapel
—my denim body
feels seductive human radar pollen magnet
acquires at times the conviction of 1 miniature galaxy
singing sheer absurdities between ohs of amazement—
Damn what a moon!
exclaims the millionaire in solitude
& miserable at work
who just yesterday was laid off for not getting excited
by the short-circuits of the bureaucratic coffeemaker

What a moon!
like 1 clipped nail
like 1 glob of sperm
suspended
over the bristling back of the night

when you hear
the crunch of smashed nuts—crack—
the whirring the whine of the ambulance
that once again arrives too late
the murmur of lizards with leopard spots
mischievously climbing through vines in search of food
the last sounds of 1 picnic
where Desolation has been at it again
& has finished by announcing the approach of the wind
that stains & corrodes everything

Nevertheless 1 still walks around here like 1 happy sparrow
like Chaplin the day he first kissed Mary Pickford
someone goes by with 1 transistor radio
that seems like his second ear
Galileo discovers the law of the pendulum observing
the saccharine swinging of those lovers
violently united & half consumed by the fog
believing the very foolish that Love by tooth & nail
will end up glowing in Technicolor
& this at the same m'/ at the same time
in which the North Pole & the South Pole
the thesis & antithesis of the world
meet
like 1 white-hot meteor & 1 UFO in distress
& inexplicably they greet each other:
I'm the 1 who embossed on the back of his denim jacket
the sentence: The nucleus of my solar system is Adventure
I call myself that but I like them to say *The Protoplasm Kid*
You're the 1 who bites his nails while leafing through the crime section
his fingers lost in the stiffness of the news page

I don't think;
I bite
- *Mario Santiago Papasquiaro*

His profession is noticing.
His truth / there isn't 1.
His theosophical number: is 69.
Edmond Dantès / The Count of Monte Cristo.
His grandest illusion: to score 1 corner kick goal against the
flagrant absence of Triumphant God's wind.
He writes like he walks / to 1 frantic rhythm.
With 1 firm unbending stride.
Between 1976 & 1978 he lived like 1 hummingbird / scenting the
cardinal points of his laboratory-apprenticeship: Paris / Vienna /
Barcelona & Jerusalem.
His wife affectionately says of him: *Eyes of 1 otter / Mouth of 1 foreskin.*

* *José Revueltas Sánchez (1914-1976) was a Mexican writer-revolutionary and a seminal influence on the radical student movement of 1968. Revueltas was born in the Mexican town of Santiago Papasquiaro from which Mario Zendejas Pineda took his name.*

but
is it the news /
those who report it /
those who read it like 1 necessary drug?
who Sherlock Holmes are the assassins?
Given the circumstances you don't even trust your own eyes
what caliber of struggles pursuits disputes
are hidden under the roughest cloth
the fearful climb trees
the more agile prefer to walk around pointing
to the exact moment the atmosphere thins to the limit of endurance
& the airplanes start falling like 1 scene from a silent movie
where the arms of the dying spin like propeller blades
without explaining why the horizon is slobbered with fire

Although the sky—apparently—looks sober & clear
like 1 irreconcilable enemy of the Plastic Arts
& almost nobody notices the little lunatic who kisses licks bites his handless watch
while asking *Will the earth be getting colder*
won't we be going out of orbit???
certain that in 1 such case even Jerry Lewis would sincerely weep

A poem is occurring every moment
for example
that fluttering of mute flies
over 1 package nobody manages to decipher
how much of it is trash & how much miracle
for example those schoolgirls with their books tight against
their chests
that turn the head of 1 gray-haired man with crooked glasses
while the breeze—lubricous—plays beneath their miniskirts

For example
Laurel & Hardy who take their siestas
dreaming the same mischief
where cake wants to serve as makeup
& 2 feet are foolish enough to enter where only 1 foot fits
for example
the 1 who just yesterday—disguised as a woman—escaped from the psychiatric clinic
& doesn't get tired of standing on his hands & runs like 1 mad kangaroo
wondering about the meaning of life
about some antiseptic ointment to erase his inner bruises
the scars from the insulin & electroshocks
while he sings in ballad form that line of Guido Cavalcanti
Now that I can never hope to return
for example
that redheaded boy who dips his feet in the water of the fountain
& feels like Huckleberry Finn traveling on 1 tree-trunk raft
/ in the middle of the Mississippi /
or 1 bearded clochard filling his lungs with Turkish tobacco
on the banks of the Seine
seeing his name written on the water: *Lord XYZ*
while reality sails on like 1 loud & tossing steamboat
because he knows that life can kill & resurrect him
at any instant
—in1 time & 1 place
where neither Euclid nor his stuttering geometry count—
& the immediacy the difficulty of the days running by
are seen represented by any guy who screams Help!
& dials the 911 of his consciousness
to find out what brand of life or garbage it suits him to kiss
to spit out or to look at in horror

CARTE D'IDENTITÉ

If you can be a legend
Why be 1 common grave?

Mario Santiago Papasquiaro / frontline infrarrealist ((who has fought in this wavering movement since its inception in 1975)) released his primordial Swan's Howl in Mexico City—capitol of the subsequently disgraced—in the midst of 1 electrical storm / at dawn on the morning of December 24, 1953—the year of the death of Dylan Thomas & Jorge Negrete—.

The echoing string of this a *cappella tour de forceps* ((1 bison engraved in the placenta of Altamira)) resounds in the Ingres violin of these pages / which as a rule of thumb barely contain 10% of his principle opera's red blood cells.

Water serpent in the Chinese horoscope / *Ocelot* in the Náhuatl / *Capricorn* in the occidental / was a child follower of the wonders of the *Holy Flock* of Guadalajara & in his early youth he rose & fell ((*delirious & without a rudder*)) among the Escherian snakes & ladders of the *Dialectics of Nature*—that composite & uneven pandemonium—with such force / that only the revelation transmitted by the Aztec gnome brigadier José Revueltas*: *The tragedy of the human species is its lack of itself* kept his winged feet supporting the drained weight of his open cerebellum.

Today / tomorrow & always.
Incorruptible anti-poet & vagrant / fugitive from the Void / salamander in 1 waterfall of air.
What he most loves in the tidal wave of life:
Frisbee women always undermining the mythic moremarrow of the citizens of this Oliverio Girondo-galaxy.

TOTAL POETRY: THAT INTERVIEW DISSEMINATED BY TELEPATHY OR JUST THE FLICK OF MY (AFRICAN LION'S) HAIR AND ITS FULL ELECTRICAL CHARGE

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WORLDS MOVEMENTS PEOPLE THAT INTEREST ME NICANOR PARRA CATULO QUEVEDO LAUTRÉAMONT MAGRITTE DE CHIRICO ARTAUD VACHÉ JARRY BRÉTON BORIS VIAN BURRROUGHS GINSBERG KEROUAC KAFKA BAKUNIN CHAPLIN GODARD FASSBINDER ALAIN TANNER FRANCIS BACON DUBUFFET GEORGE SEGAL JUAN RAMÍREZ RUIZ VALLEJO CHÉ GUEVARA ENGELS "THAT MASTER OF SARCASM" THE PARIS COMMUNE THE SITUATIONIST INTERNATIONAL THE EPIC OF THE CUBAN COMMUNIST PARTY'S SHIPWRECKS (I FORGOT): HIERONYMUS BOSCH (ESSENTIAL) WILHELM REICH THE MYSTICAL PORNOGRAPHY OF CHARLES MINGUS THE MULTICOLORED EROTICA OF TOM WESSELMAN JOHN CAGE JULIAN BECK JUDITH MALINA & HER LIVING THEATRE (AND FINALLY) THE MARQUIS DE SADE HÉCTOR APOLINAR ROBERTO BOLAÑO JOSÉ REVUELTAS (AND HIS DISCOVERY THAT DIALECTICS SOMETIMES ALSO WALKS LIKE A CRAB) JUDITH GARCÍA CLAUDIA SOL (AND EVEN ON CLOUDY DAYS) CLAUDIA SOL

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WE CAN SHOOT TWO REVOLVERS AT ONCE / SAID BUFFALO BILL MORE THAN ONCE

STUPIDITY ISN'T OUR FORTE

(ALFRED JARRY DIXIT)

any guy who screams or tries to & can't
while astonishment is painted (as if with burnt wax)
on his stony retired workman's face
that seems & in what a way
like a time bomb

At times / in the rush when 1 second vomits & turns white
everything is tragic / even happiness / whichever 1 you want /
Aeschylus & Harold Lloyd playing chess with beer bottle caps
but without knowing how the heck to make their creative leisure rise
to the level of 1 earthquake that would truly wipe the slate clean
When Chaos appears all-powerful even bestial
(bull-faced & faggot-voiced)
when it goes without saying that he's economically screwed
(You / Me / Us)
not to mention the *homemade* neurosis & anemia

& what's the use then what's the use of
the hurricane the raffling off of things
that strip & invade you like amoebas
what's the use if you don't understand why overpopulation
why abortions
1 pregnant woman smiles at you /
if you don't capiche whether it's from desperation or from joy
that she pats her belly like Piero della Francesca's Madonna of Childbirth
if you only manage to stammer to dilate your eyes
when the pickpocket's capable hand goes to work
/ that disciple of 7-armed Shiva: God of masturbation
& the finely crafted assault /
if you only manage to gulp & make faces
when that character from Ionesco—perhaps obsessed with the bald soprano—

asks you the first chance he gets: are you sexual political
.   fundamentally satisfied?
& what's the use of getting to know the dew the gardenia expels
        in the misty dawn
as much by the sweat of your brow as the palm of your hand
as the pelvis—delicious—of the girl
that's the relief of your map
        & the compass that keeps your territory standing

what's the use if there are lives that are cars with no engines
    desperately honking their horns
        without being able to go

the life of the 1 who cures his Saturday hangover by rinsing his eyes
            at the edges of fountains
that of the high-class lady with her Chantilly cream & candy-cane hairdo
& her intolerable little voice when she says *I smoke my own*
    that whole race of sanctimonious reactionaries
        who feel offended
    by the every day more frequent contact with the riff-raff
        between the soot & the sullen sun of the cities
& the life of that vagabond (the 1 word has it isn't missing)
whose lucidity is shattered / without his bicycle
    having chased any light in the Sierra Tarahumara
like his homonym Antonin Artaud

the life of the 1 who thinks too much to kiss 1 flower
                        to light 1 cigarette
to say to his beloved: let's go to 1 hotel / let's blow up the moon's
    potato-white face
that of the scatterbrained bureaucrat / who screws up & more than 1 or 2 times

"ONLY MEN FREE OF ALL BONDS CAN CARRY THE FIRE FAR ENOUGH" ANDRÉ BRETON

!!

RETURNING TO ART THE IDEA OF A CONVULSIVE & PASSIONATE LIFE

— —

CULTURE ISN'T IN BOOKS OR PAINTINGS OR STATUES IT'S IN THE NERVES / IN THE NERVES' FLUIDNESS

THE CLEAREST PROPOSITION: AN INCARNATE CULTURE / A CULTURE IN THE FLESH, IN SENSITIVITY (THE OLD DREAM OF ANTONIN ARTAUD)

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EVERYTHING THAT EXISTS:

OUR SPHERE OF ACTION / AND THE FRENZIED SEARCH FOR WHAT DOESN'T EXIST YET

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OUR PURPOSE IS (TRUTH) PRACTICAL SUBVERSION

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EXAMPLE OF TOTAL ART

TOTAL SCULPTURE (THAT MOVES): A DEMONSTRATION OF 10,000 TO 20,000 PEOPLE SUPPORTING THE ELECTRICAL WORKERS' UNION

TOTAL MUSIC: A MUSHROOM TRIP THROUGH THE SIERRA MAZATECA

TOTAL PAINTING: CLAUDIA KERIK BACKWARDS & FORWARDS / I INSIST: BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS

BEETHOVEN, RACINE & MICHAELANGELO AREN'T THAT USEFUL ANYMORE
AMPHETAMINES MAKE BETTER FOOD:
SOUND BARRIERS LABYRINTHS OF SPEED (OH JAMES DEAN!) ARE
BEING BROKEN SOMEWHERE ELSE

”””

LIFTING PEOPLE OUT OF THEIR DEPENDENCE & PASSIVITY
LOOKING FOR UNPRECEDENTED FORMS OF INTERVENTION & DIRECTION IN THE WORLD
DEMYSTIFYING / TURNING INTO DISSIDENTS
FOR US NOTHING HUMAN IS FOREIGN (COOL) FOR US NOTHING UTOPIAN IS FOREIGN
(SUPERCOOL)

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NOW MORE THAN EVER, THE PROBLEM OF ART CAN'T BE UNDERSTOOD AS AN INTERNAL WAR BETWEEN FACTIONS / BUT ABOVE ALL AS A TACIT (BUT ALMOST OPEN) WAR BETWEEN THE ONES WHO CONSCIOUSLY OR UNCONSCIOUSLY SIDE WITH THE SYSTEM AND TRY TO HOLD ONTO EXTEND IT / AND THE ONES WHO CONSCIOUSLY OR UNCONSCIOUSLY WANT TO BLOW IT UP

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ART IN THIS COUNTRY HASN'T GONE BEYOND A TECHNICAL WORKSHOP FOR DECORATIVELY EXERCIZING MEDIOCRITY

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the 1 who'll have the same soap-opera face
—feeling sorry for itself—
the next time he passes by here

the life of the ex—May Queen in the days of Hiroshima
& the now neurotic grandmother of mongoloid triplets
that of the teenager penniless & up for anything
& with hips that would have strangled the pulse
of Oscar Wilde
that of the fop who says the park
is like the flowering liver of the city
while prancing on the tips of his toes
around some woman who hasn't even told him her name
that of so many who have bathed 5 / 6 times
in the black waters of failure
& not by choice (so they say)
not like those who gobble up—between smiles—1 meringue tart
in no way like that
& that's what you always say (You / Me / Us)
while slowly buttoning up your raincoat
—your body & your psychological defenses—
& going out for 1 walk—that will be more than 1—
in the rain
inside & out
in the rain
& all because you need to youre desperate to let go & cry openly
with nobody & nothing to interrupt you
not even those chicks in hot pants
glimmering with their bronze thighs
& clinging to the golden lampposts

& you're not the only 1 who claims to be the only passenger
on his schizophrenic submarine
while walking (like some lunatic) with 1 burnt-out cigarette in your mouth
& the rain drenching you grotesquely
from the top of your head to the point of your chin

Of course youre not the only 1
before whom the rusty umbrella of life
doesn't want to spread its wings
youre not the only 1 to whom the world seems
—in moments of pessimism—
1 ghetto without bridges or streets

& also sometimes you totter & cloud over
you scratch your nose & the scab of remembrance
Existence takes the form of 1 cop
who runs his state-of-the-art billy club down the length of your face
& you still ask: What's up my big bad wolf?
How's repression doing?
while the marijuana bushes
planted like carrots in the subsoil of your mind tremble
& your heart is 1 crowded neighborhood
with the gutters & the roof falling down
from sheer terror
from sheer terror

Nevertheless oxygen & the regular rotation of the stars survive
September winks at us
& it's best if each of us clings to the waist of his most beloved
1 honey-colored cocker spaniel remains sunk in deep sleep
while 1 miserable fly uses his nose as 1 sofa bed

INFRARREALIST MANIFESTO

WHAT DO WE PROPOSE?
NOT MAKING ART INTO A CAREER
SHOWING THAT EVERYTHING IS ART AND ANYONE CAN MAKE IT
CONCERNING OURSELVES WITH "INSIGNIFICANT" THINGS / WITH NO INSTIUTIONAL VALUE / PLAYING / ART SHOULD EXIST IN LIMITLESS AMOUNTS / AFFORDABLE
FOR EVERYONE, AND IF POSSIBLE, MADE BY EVERYONE

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

ATTACKING ART / ATTACKING EVERYDAY LIFE (DUCHAMP) AT A TIME THAT SEEMS ALMOST ENTIRELY CLOSED TO PROFESSIONAL OPTIMISTS
TRANSFORMING ART / TRANSFORMING EVERYDAY LIFE (OURSELVES)
CREATIVITY / THE OUTSIDER'S LIFE AT ANY COST
(MOVING OUR HIPS TO THE PRESENT WITH EYES BLINKING
FROM THE AIRPORTS OF THE FUTURE)
AT A TIME WHEN ASSASSINATIONS HAVE BEEN DISGUISED AS SUICIDES

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TURNING CONFERENCE ROOMS INTO SHOOTING GALLERIES
(THE CARNVIAL WITHIN THE CARNIVAL / AS DEBRAY WOULD PUT IT?)

%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%

/ No matter what
right there /
Under 1 sky that van Gogh would give thanks for in 6 languages /

& what whiteness will you add to this whiteness
what spirit / what valor?

scraps rinds papers
fly about entangled in the pant cuffs of the wind
that today could shred 1 flower
then pummel it into the ground
but tomorrow /
goodbye carbon dioxide /
apoplexy shitty luck Goodbye
Explain to your occasional lover
that even 1 failed erection
is part of the process

this / & the fucking awesome vermilion of the twilight
& the flight of thrushes that for 1 instant blackens the air
& the spark of life that ruffles your chest hair
in decisive epochs
& with every appearance of becoming Epic History

Explain that to your occasional lover
clear it up for yourself

that life is still your poetry workshop
& hopefully you'll electrify the power of your inner storm
as well as the girl with the agility of 1 sailboat
whom you ve chosen as the partner of your next escapades
that the love or the madness that most closely approximates it
inhabit you / lighten your step
that it brighten the twinkle in your eye
Hopefully / hopefully

The fragments the splinters from a while ago
become in hands like Houdini's

1 scream as solid & real
as I breast or 1 apple
or 1 desire that turns all bodies into 1 transparent prism

The apparently static & fleeting
turns out to be 1 very important piece on the board:
behind 1 simple street photographer
once lived 1 Ernesto Che Guevara
& he seemed incapable of the smallest exertion
not to mention of ethical feats

The apparently static & fleeting
turns out to be 1 very important piece on the board:
the spirit & the valor that accompany you
when you roam the endless avenues
remembering the poems the skin of Sappho
bathed in moonlight
when you run your hand over your face
at the moment in which youre 1 rainbow
scratched out by the sun & the 4 oclock drizzle
when you inscribe the poetic artifacts of this century's end
on the tree's naked trunk:

I love you to bits
Ta me enciendes
You turn me on
How can this be
so beautiful?

—burning with faith
& between swells of pleasure—

When you see in this the instinct of the struggle for existence
that made Rosa Luxemburg euphoric
the living application of the heretic Wilhelm Reich's favorite theorem:
1 body is taught to read & write next to another body
& thus the University of Tenderness is founded

when you learn to say No
with the energy of 1 black belt in karate
or to say Yes / with the certainty
that soon the stars will have 1 color
that after enough time has passed we'll understand

The apparently static & fleeting
threatens to burn up & with kisses
the hour when the great political rebellions seem buried
(so say the bourgeois economists from their antiaircraft introspections)

But 1 still sees life
as deserving 1 handmade tattoo
even though right now it's posing for some invisible photographer
that could be the burning climate itself

Even though right now it would only seem
that Beauty is emotively radicalized
like multicolored T-shirts that say: *kiss me*
from the most erogenous part of their torsos

like 2 brats (rumored to be hippies or anarchists)
who promise to meet
at that hour / at that sunset
in the Ray Bradbury Port of the channels of Mars